

LAST NIGHT AT LOCAL PLAYHOUSES

THE COLUMBIA.

Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was."

"A Fool There Was," with Robert Hilliard as the fool, came to the Columbia Theater last night, and from the moment in the second scene of Act 1, when the fool meets his "lady fair," the large and attentive audience knew that thrills were destined to creep up and down each individual spine before the play was over.

Persons are mainly responsible for thrills, which arrived per schedule were real enough—and to spare. In "The Vampire" as a theme, Porter on Browne found two of his characters ready-made to hand. He had constructed them, for a Master had breathed into them immortality. Characters of the play are simply the husband, the wife, the friend, the woman, the sister, and on, only those named being immortal, and of these only the man and woman enact the story, the others being the setting and the background.

an, alias the Fool, has a wife and he has, besides, honor, position, friends. Sent abroad on a mission, he encounters the woman of the ship. To make it perfectly clear, so many words, what sort of a she is, a desperate youth blows brains at her very feet, and she is on with a laugh; and before the end of his blood are dry upon the she lounges in her steamer chair and on the man who is to be her victim, not even number two, but fourth or so he knows not, and at first cares

when he is "stripped to his loins," and everything that makes life the living has been swept away, life, the vampire reminds him that too, has given up much for himself, herself—coolly matching her own body against the sacrifices he made for her. But that, we are told, away of vampires. Happily, we do fall into their clutches.

audience last night did not gather that the author or the audience mind words. They had not a Sunday-school lesson, and were not disappointed. There is no to hide the fact that a spade is no, in the process of laying human passions and weaknesses, any less strong language seen adequate.

great scene comes in the second act when the fool and his lady fair are face. He is wavering, and hopes to win to his wife and child.

Woman—And you're sorry, I suppose—broken—

Man—Yes, by God, I am.

Woman—That's the man of it! Every man

Woman—One love is like the white rose,

Man—The rose that you have known!

Woman—The rose that you have known!

Man—Young Parnell!

(The woman laughs.)

And Rodgers?

(The woman laughs.)

And Sevier Vandam?

(The woman laughs.)

And God knows how many more.

Woman—And did you ever think there are

Man—God, I've thought, I've thought.

Woman—One love is like the white rose,

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THE NATIONAL.

"The Merry Widow."

After an absence of nearly a year, that most graceful and pleasing of ladies, "The Merry Widow," returned for a second visit to the National last night.

To go into any details concerning the score or the story of the "Widow" would be more than superfluous. The one has been played and whistled over both hemispheres—the other is almost as familiar through the constantly changing audiences that have seen and have been captivated by the Viennese lady and her retinue.

The principal reason for the success of "The Merry Widow" lies in the beauty and the purity of the musical score. The waltz music of Vienna, since and before the days of Johann Strauss, has been the model for the whole world. The power to please the popular ear and at the same time to yield to no temptation to sacrifice the dignity of the meaning of music is a rare gift. Franz Lehar in his compositions for "The Merry Widow" has proved himself the greatest example of that school of operatic music known as comic opera that we have to-day. Music of this grade is an education. It has become the standard by which inferior successors are unavoidably compared.

The score of "The Merry Widow" fairly vibrates with harmony and rich melody from the predominating waltz movements to the less familiar, but equally enduring, marches, or the wonderful wild Hungarian czardas which opens the second act. This latter composition has hardly engaged the attention which it deserves. Through it Lehar has given us a very vivid picture of the Magyar music, the whirling, passionate dance, the wild shouts, the almost fanatical way in which the people of Southeastern Europe arouse themselves to intense excitement.

It was sometime after the opera was produced for the first time in this country that the people at large woke to the fact that there were other compositions of note beside the world-famous waltz. But now one awaits almost as eagerly the haunting song of the prince, "Maximilian," "Vilja," with its love song of the wild people of the Hungarian plains; "The Cavalier" and its peculiar lilt, and Natalie's opening solo, "I Am a Dutiful Wife." These and all the other of the compositions which Lehar has so plentifully bestowed this opera charm one almost as much as the sensuous, appealing, clinging waltz—the waltz that has set two continents dancing.

In the present company there are a number of the same principals that were seen here last spring. Notable among these are Frances Cameron, who still dances and sings and acts with the same grace and perfect ease with which she did before, and no higher praise than this can be given to her. Then, in the part of the ambassador, there is the same Robert Graham, with the same mannerisms which have grown to be a part of the character as depicted by him. F. J. McCarthy is still the Nova Kovich, and Charles Kaufman the Marquis Cascade.

But the principal newcomer in the cast is Charles Meakins, in the role of the Prince. Comparisons are notoriously odious, but a comparison of the present actor with Donald Brian—the actor whom we saw in the part when the lady last visited us—is almost inevitable. But it must be said that the comparison is, if anything, in favor of the present Prince. He is as good looking as Brian, dances as well and those who saw the former actor in the role will know that that is saying a good deal, and has an even better voice. So it will be seen that the present performance is up to the standard of the former in all things, and not, as is so often the case, merely the same play with mediocre actors and the same costumes that are worn in the beginning.

There is only one "Merry Widow" and we are told that this is to be her last visit to us; but, swanlike, she is most melodious and beautiful in her end, for the producers have spared no pains to make the present trip surpass even the former, and to be a thing to be remembered and recalled as a criterion for the comedies that will follow after.

passing curiosity; in short, an impression that will sink deep and remain for a long time.

Mr. Hilliard's acting as the husband, alias the fool, was splendid. He has grappled with the character and mastered it. He played the part with wit, almost ferocious power, and overlooked not a single opportunity to make the man stand out naked and bare, mind and soul. It is a picture not easily forgotten. There is a deep pleasure, too, in welcoming Hilliard again among our star actors. One could count on the fingers of one hand the actors of his power and ability. He has simply, up to now, failed to find a part that is big enough for him.

Mrs. Henderson, as the woman—the vampire—was a discovery. Her acting was little short of thrilling, and her delivery of the vampire's insinuating speeches was art itself. She will easily divide honors with the star in the impressiveness of her characterization. So personal did she make the role that it seemed she was playing the vampire to each man present, who had the uncomfortable feeling that he was singled out for her baleful fascinations. Where has this wonderful artist been hiding, that we have not seen her before?

William Courtleigh has a big role as the friend, and he played it well. His were the bright speeches, as well as the thankless task of trying to win back the man from his siren. Mr. Courtleigh always plays with intelligence and understanding, and is a valuable addition to the company. Little "Boots" Wurster was natural and sweet as the child, and the rest of the parts were immaterial, though for the most part well played. The scenery is elaborate, two scenes, a rose garden, and the deck of an ocean liner, being especially massive and attractive.

WILLIAM OSBORN.

THE LYCEUM.

"Town Talk."

The much-advertised "Town Talk" is the attraction at the New Lyceum this week. The show comes up to all that has been said of it. The comedy is clean-cut, and the chorus from a beauty and costume standpoint is very good. The opening burlesque, "The Man Who Built the Fence," is a clever take-off of the creation of the world.

Charles Burkhardt, the diminutive Hebrew comedian, heads the funmakers. He is seconded by Sam Harn as a Rubie sheriff. Kathryn Delmar has a good stage appearance, an excellent voice, and physical charms far beyond the average burlesque leading lady. Rosalie was an excellent soubrette, and Ester Powers made herself conspicuous throughout the show by her clever work.

THE BELASCO.

"The Dawn of a To-morrow."

"The Dawn of a To-morrow" is a play of optimism—a play of "to-morrow," not the Spanish "to-morrow," invoked for the purpose of easily getting rid of to-day, but the "to-morrow" of hope, adding by anticipation to the joy of living.

It is a serious work, full of thought, and in every respect worthy of the genius of that remarkable woman, Frances Hodgson Burnett. It finds its genesis in some of the current theories regarding the relation of a man's physical condition to his mental attitude, in the play being referred to as "new thought," but the author is careful to make clear the truth about these things, and that is, that they are not "new" at all, but as old as the human race itself.

Sir Oliver Holt, a leader in British politics and finance, has come to a condition of nervous infirmity bordering on insanity, and horrified at the condition of a life-long friend who has reached the last stages, he resolves to spare himself, and makes off in disguise into the pursuit of East London to make away with himself, his state of mind having been further worked upon by overhearing a consultation upon his own case by three of the most distinguished specialists of the United Kingdom. The course of his affairs is changed by a meeting, in Apple Blossom court, with Glad, a girl of the slums, who is an optimist of the most rosy hopes, who has imbibed some ideas about "asking" and "receiving" from some hospital angel, while she lay in the institution with broken limbs and nose.

She is trying out the theory upon herself and the denizens of her small world, "Apple Blossom court." The experiment is attended with great success. She turns the currents of Sir Oliver's mind into other and new channels and saves him, she "asking" for the salvation of her lover, the "Dandy," who is suspected of an atrocious murder, and is answered favorably; and she even makes young Oliver Holt, the dissolute nephew of the old peer, play the part of a true man. This is a brief sketch of the play; to tell more in detail would tend to diminish the interest. It is an exemplification of the virtue of hope and keeping eternally at work. It is a real play, full of interest, with a moral of consequence, and at times is brilliant with satirical allusions to mistakes and lapses of humanity.

As Glad, the irresistible optimist of the East End, Miss Eleanor Robson appears in the most effective characterization of her career. There is no advantage offered to the role by way of elegant costume or sensuous posing. She simply appears in rags and tatters and plays the part of the girl philosopher and preacher of the slums, and never, at any period, does she appear to lose, or even slacken, her grasp of the character and its attributes. It is a clever bit of acting, and one cannot go farther in commendation, after all, than to say that the presence of Miss Robson was visible. The figure before us is Glad, the spirit of the play.

Miss Robson is strongly seconded by Fuller Melish as Sir Oliver Holt. The part is especially suited to him, and, as usual, he gets out of it all contained therein. Particularly effective was he in the first act in simulating the conditions attendant upon approaching nervous collapse.

The supporting company is good without a single exception, including Brandon Hunt, as Oliver Holt; Thomas Fullerton, as Sir Bowling Burford; George Follen, as Dr. Heath; Gordon Douglas, as Dr. Satterly; L. Race Dunrobin, as Lord Tommy; William Sauter, as the Dandy; Roy Fairchild, as the thief; Claude Brooke, as Powell, and a long list of others.

There is a fine scene in the first act where the three specialists indulge in conversation after the consultation, and another in the last act, where Lord Tommy discloses the state of his mind to Oliver Holt. Both are particularly ingenious in showing the mental ratiocination caused by current happenings. The play will set the wheels of thought in motion, and whatever their attitude toward these new theories, the majority of the spectators will agree with the people of the play in admitting that there may be, at least, something to them.

The house was filled with a brilliant audience, the President and Mrs. Taft occupying a box.

CHASE'S.

Polite Vaudeville.

The Five Armanis, a troupe of operatic singers, in a sketch called "A Night in Naples," was the leading feature of the bill at Chase's yesterday, rendering a number of operatic selections with great effect, the latter being considerably augmented by a beautiful setting. These singers all have voices of fine quality and training, with also skill enough as instrumentalists to accompany the songs.

Another one who found great favor with the audience was our old friend, Nat Willis, "The Happy Tramp," who got off his usual string of stories and songs, eliciting great merriment by his telling about the "wedding of Hortense" and the song, "Burglar Beware!" while an act of acute interest was furnished by the Vivians, a duo of sharpshooters, who performed a series of most astonishing feats with rifle and revolver, firing from every conceivable position and doing the William Tell act with the variation of having the marksmen stationed in the balcony.

A clever sketch, "Tips on Tap," was presented by Eleanor Gordon and company, furnishing bright comedy. "Lightning Hopper," with his caricatures of well-known men, his lightning sketches, and his evolutions, excited both interest and merriment. Frank Orth and Harry Fern amused with trick piano playing and comedy. The Mario Trio contributed some clever trapeze and bar work, and the vitagraph ended with a series called "A Visit to the Zoo in Paris."

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THE ACADEMY.

"Sal, the Circus Gal."

Owen Davis' play, "Sal, the Circus Gal," made a most favorable impression last night when it was presented for the first time here. Those who were so fortunate as to have witnessed Frederick Thompson's great play, "Polly of the Circus," last year, will enjoy this week's offering at the Academy, as the plays are much alike.

Miss Vivian Prescott, to whom has been entrusted the title role, charmed by her graceful manner and the original interpretation of her lines. Her emotional work was well done, and she got every bit out of her part without overdoing it. Louis Hartman, as Ben, a canvas man for Welch's circus, ably assisted her in the strong parts of the play, and his portrayal of a broken-hearted man who joined the circus because he could find friends among the followers of the sawdust ring was excellent.

Calvin Cameron, a fortune hunter, played by Harry Hammett, was a trifle overdone. "Oh, girls, ain't he grand," as expressed by Sal herself, will probably explain why J. Angus Gustum made such a hit as Edgar Norcross, a young lawyer, who proved to be the hero of the story. The scenery and effects are elaborate, and during the circus scene several specialties of a high class are introduced. Among these were some Irish songs by Margaret Meredith and clever acrobatic feats by the Donazzetta troupe and John S. Flatow.

THE GAYETY.

"The Girls from Happyland."

Billy W. Watson and his happy crew, which opened the week at the Gayety Theater yesterday, gave one of the most amusing entertainments of the season from the standpoint of fun. Watson, with methods of comedy that are strictly of his own coinage, led a well-balanced company through the two burlesques, "Two Hot Nights" and "The Man From Tiffany," and when he took up the baton and, with comic antics, travestied one of the popular concert bands he almost broke up the show. A feature of the olio was a pleasing xylophone programme, rendered by Garden and Sommers.

PAULISTS' GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Cardinal Gibbons Present at the Opening Ceremonies.

New York, Jan. 24.—In the presence of Cardinal Gibbons, solemn vespers, the opening ceremony of the Paulists' golden jubilee, was held to-night in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle. More than 5,000 persons crowded into the church, and nearly half that number were turned away.

The celebration, which marks the close of fifty years of Paulist missionary work in this region, will continue until Wednesday, February 2, when a mass meeting will be held at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the Catholic laity.

The sermon to-night was preached by Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Bishop of Rochester.

The service lasted for more than two hours. Thirty archbishops were to take part during the celebration.

TAFT HAS TILT WITH "UNCLE JOE"

Continued from Page One.

that it gave to every one of the youths of this country to improve himself to the uttermost by an expenditure of small means.

"I know that if you Dartmouth men were asked whether you would rather give up the knowledge which you received at Dartmouth or the association of friendship with the fellows whose friendship has lasted until to-day, you would say, 'Well, I would hate to be ignorant, but I believe I would rather have the friendship of the boys.' Such association makes character. Such association presents to you and to all of us who have enjoyed that opportunity a self-restraint, a keeping in the path of honor and industry, an attempt to be useful that, so far as I know, can be derived from no other association."

Favors Small Colleges. Speaker Cannon's allusion to the Carleton dinner and Senator Tillman brought a laugh even from the President. The Speaker went on to say he was about to risk another sharp retort from the Chief Executive, and he told why he thought small colleges were better than large ones. "I am in favor of small colleges, though we have a big one and a great one out in our State of Illinois—the University of Chicago. But the majority of people turned out from small colleges. I especially Dartmouth, are practical. I speak with respect of Yale and Harvard, but there is something lacking with them. People go there because they are fashionable, but after all what good does it do? "Now the foundation of our nation is the common school. I bow to the universities, but it is a hazardous thing for a man to waste five or six years in the very prime of his life getting a classical education. I honor men like Lincoln and Jackson, who, without a college education, met the conditions they were called upon to meet nobly.

Not All Jealous. "Some may say it is jealousy because I did not get a college course myself, but I had been as mean as some people seem to think I am. I would have had one. They say I swear and curse, and I guess I do under provocation, because swearing and praying are all the same to me—both of them for emphasis. But I am going to say long live the small college, and long live Dartmouth, and let the big college take care of itself."

Ambassador Bryce and Ambassador Jusserand spoke of the former students of Dartmouth as "brother alumni," both having been given a degree by the college. They compared the educational system of America, and their countries, and both deplored the lack of the alumni spirit abroad.

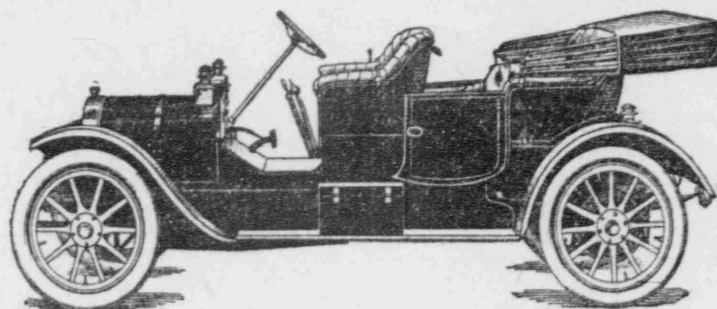
Policy is Outlined. President Nichols outlined the policy of the educational institutions of the present, comparing them with the old idea of learning only in the classics. He

PNEUMONIA

kills its tens of thousands. GOWANS' PREPARATION kills pneumonia by destroying the congestion and inflammation. Quick relief for colds, croup, coughs, grippe, pains and soreness in lungs and throat. External and internal. All druggists. \$1.00, 50c, 25c.

While you think of it, telephone your Want Ad. to The Washington Herald, and bill will be sent you at 1 cent a word.

"The common sense touring car of 1910," was the New York Show verdict on the



WHITE

Gasoline car. With quality as the keynote, backed by unequalled factory facilities, the new White presents features not possessed by any other automobile, and of a quality that is not excelled by any other car selling at twice its price.

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THE WHITE COMPANY,

1124 Connecticut Avenue.



FRENCH LIMERICK.

A Frenchman, whose first name was Jacques,
Tried to ride on a silky-laired yacques,
When the animal balked,
All the circus men squeaked,
"Say, why don't you hit him a whaque?"
Find another clown.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Lower right corner, down, between two.

said the tendency was now toward practical preparation for life, and that athletics and the other branches of student life all helped to that end.

Representative Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, made appropriate remarks.

Between the toasts old Dartmouth songs were sung with enthusiasm. They shook the corridors of the Willard with the college yells, taking the name of each speaker in turn as he was called upon to respond to a toast.

The Guests.

The President.
Dr. Ernest Fox Nichols, president of Dartmouth.
Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador.
Mr. J. J. Jusserand, French Ambassador.
Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House.
Hon. Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior.
Hon. John Barrett.
Hon. Josiah B. Folger.
Hon. Charles F. Smith.
Hon. J. T. Foster.
Hon. John W. Weeks.
Hon. Nicholas Longworth.
Hon. Eben W. Martin.
Hon. J. Hampton Moore.
Hon. Philip F. Campbell.